THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

HEALTH—and, we presume, weather—permitting, the Queen will in person open the new Blackfriar's Bridge in the City some time next month. This gracious assent has been duly "signified" to the Lord Mayor, and was by his lordship formally "communicated" to the Civic Council last Thursday. The Holborn Valley Viaduct will, according to present intentions, be inaugurated on the same day, and as the structures are so adjacent, the two ceremonies will practically be "rolled into one," and Her Majesty will preside at both. In City circles the announcement has caused unlimited rapture, and presages much future festivity. But throughout the country generally it will be received with gratification. For the first time since her seclusion the Queen will really appear "in State" among her loyal and loving subjects. Even this gracious promise—though the performance will, of course, be much better—is highly welcome, attesting, as it does, that nothing but considerations of health and strength now prevent Her Majesty from reassuming that position at the head of Society her absence from which during the past eight years has been so deeply deplored. That the Queen never neglected the cares of State we have known all along. It is gratifying to learn that she is willing once more to take part in its splendours and ceremonials.

The particular occasion is well worth all the dignity which Royal procession and civic munificence can confer. By the completion of the Holborn Viaduct a much-wanted "improvement," which has been talked over and planned about for nearly a century, is at length effected, and very admirably effected too; while the new bridge at Blackfriars would do honour to the POX-TIFEX MAXIMUS himself, whoever he might be. No day is yet fixed for the ceremony, nothing more having been decided than that it is to come off early in November. Very early, we should say, for good reasons. In the *City Almanack* there is a note for that month, "Mayor *changes* on the 9th." Now, according to precedent the officiating Mayor at such a ceremony would be made a baronet, and as Mr. Lawrence's year of office has seen the completion of the work it is only just and right that he should get the reward. He has missed his re-election, but ought not to lose his baronetcy.

In his speech at Liverpool, while presiding at the opening of a new "Trades' Hall," Lord Stanley said many things which were not only *apropos* to the occasion, but also susceptible of much wider application. The "occasion" was indeed a peculiar one. The Hall just opened was designed for the benefit of the lower classes of trade and industry—was, in fact, built by themselves, and with money subscribed principally by that special class of shareholders. It differed altogether, in this respect, from the gorgeous St. George's Hall, or any other of the Halls of Commerce which ordinarily represent the wealth and serve the convenience of the "merchant princes," the great capitalists, the rich factory owners, and other leviathans in the commercial and manufacturing world. It was, in fact, built by and for the "working men" of all denominations in Liverpool, being paid for by their money and adapted to their requirements. But there was much more than this. As Lord Stanley remarked, the institution—for such it may be called—was the first of the kind established in Liverpool; but it also represented the progress of the "Union" principle among the trading and industrial members of the community, which has become a characteristic of the present, and will rank among the Powers of the future.

Lord Stanley recognises this new potentate; but he wisely treats it as a friend instead of an enemy. Why, indeed, should "Unionism" of any sort be regarded as antagonistic to Conservatism? Bad men conspire, but good men unite. In higher circles the combination system, the joint-stock company system, the "limited liability" system, have been severally tried, and, as usual in this world of imperfections, have furnished some memorable examples of loss, and folly, and roguery. But this "system," on the whole, included a multitude of enterprises which are neither bankrupt nor fraudulent, but return an honest, and, very often, a large, profit to the shareholders. It is also practicable upon any scale, and available by every class. The trading or industrial "unions" have hitherto been regarded chiefly as political associations who may listen to the speeches of Mr. Roebuck, but who obey the dictates of Bradlaugh. They are novelties which present the inconveniences, and even the dangers attending the introduction of any new element. But "they exist, they are a fact, they never were more strongly supported than now, and are not likely, in our time, to disappear." This is true enough, but while cordially recognising the advent of this new "power" in our midst, Lord Stanley claims it as a friendly and conservative addition to our national resources. Look at other "powers" of modern discovery. Gunpowder is a "power," and steam is a "power," and both sometimes explode with very disastrous consequences. But we get immeasurable work out of the one, and rely for defence and safety—to say nothing of glory—upon the other. The trade and industrial "union" system belongs to the same category. It has its dangers, no doubt, and explodes like petroleum—very unexpectedly and inconveniently—but will soon be tamed and trained, and taught how to render its energies serviceable for the general welfare of the community.

A scene, causing considerable interest, was witnessed in and near Jermyn-street, on Wednesday, in which a distinguished and fugitive debtor, a "real" Hansom cab, and a whole *posse* of sheriff's officers played the principal characters. The final victory, it is regrettable to add, remained with the minions of the law. A somewhat similar adventure, though with happier results, is recorded among the experiences of Count D'Orsay. The Count was driving in his *cabriolet*—neither the article nor the name had then been democratized—when he all at once became aware that, instead of the Lilliputian tiger who ought to have stood behind, the footboard was occupied by a burly "man in a red waistcoat." How the man got there could not be imagined, but there he was, holding on like grim Death, evidently resolved when the vehicle stopped—and it must stop somewhere—to do his disgusting duty. The situation was decidedly embarrassing, not to say perilous. But Count D'Orsay was a man of resources, and was, moreover, a capital whip. Skilfully choosing his course, and scientifically regulating his pace, he drove down St. James-street, turned sharply at the corner, and dexterously brought his "off" wheel in contact with the post which flanked the curbstone. The cabriolet was stopped, but not injured; the horse came down on his haunches, but soon recovered himself; while the unlucky "officer" found himself suddenly subjected to the action of another "law" even stronger than his own—namely, the law of inertia. He was jerked from the footboard, and carried by the force of momentum diagonally across the pavement and over the rails, until he reached a final though anything but soft, resting-place in the area below.

The police have lately achieved distinction by a frequent discovery of mare's-nests. But all their former doings in this line have been outdone when they "discovered" Captain Kelly, the renowned and escaped Fenian leader, whose deliverance from the prison-van was purchased by the lives of three men, of whom one was murdered and two were hanged. The "discovery" was made in this wise. A few nights ago a cab was overset while clumsily turning an awkward corner. One of its occupants was seriously injured, and consequently taken to a neighbouring hospital, where his injuries were found to be mortal, and, in spite of all remedial measures, the poor man died after lingering some forty-eight hours without even recovering consciousness even for a single moment. This gave opportunity for the display of police acumen and ability in the detective line. They learnt that the cab was at the time bound for some public-house in the Soho district, which was also known to be "frequented" by customers who were undeniably Irishmen, and reputedly Fenians. The injured man himself, who had worked in a printing-office for two years under the name of Martin, was also said to have given utterance on several occasions to Fenian opinions. It is moreover, about two years since the Manchester tragedy occurred, and the two chief Fenian leaders, "Captains" Kelly and Burke made their escape from the van and disappeared into an obscurity which the vigilance not only of the metropolitan police force, backed as it is by the provincial and Irish constabulary, but of all the detective agencies placed at the disposal of the Home Secretary, has hitherto been unable to penetrate. Long since a description of the escaped captives, drawn up with the graphic literalness of police photography, has been circulated among the "force" throughout the United Kingdom, with the promise of a thumping reward to anyone who could succeed in recognizing and catching either of them. Now, the man in the hospital was going to a noted resort of Fenians, and has borne marks which, in some degree, corresponded with the *indicia* set forth in the police-sheet. What more could be wanted? Trust your clever policeman for finding out that two and two made four. Here was the long-hunted game, if not brought down by his own gun, at all events lying helpless at his feet. There might be some doubt as to the individuality of the "party." The policemen were looking after two prison-breakers, guided by certain marks for identification. As it happened, these "marks" proved rather uncertain as distinguishing between the pair. The identifying tokens were, no doubt, confused. Policeman X, who first made the discovery, confessed to some misgiving on the point. But then the Fenian leaders were such clever fellows that nobody could know when to have them. They changed names, and titles, and functions, and, perhaps, even skins, for the mere purpose of baffling the police. Which was which, he could not say, or, rather, swear to. Burke or Kelly—Kelly or Burke—he would not take the responsibility of deciding. Both (as he candidly admitted) it could not be; either it might be; one it *must* be. For the verity of the last conclusion he was ready to take his affidavit.

In the end it turned out that the police were altogether wrong, that the poor man killed by the overset cab was an honest printer, whose claim to the name of Martin could not be questioned. At any rate, he has nothing to do with Captain Burke or Captain Kelly, except that, perhaps, he had sometimes emptied a mug of beer at the Red Lion in response to some "toast or sentiment" of Fenian inspiration.

Then the discovery collapsed. Superintendents

from Manchester, who knew both Burke and Kelly of their own knowledge, and Corydon the "informer," have inspected the corpse—it was by that time only a corpse—of the defunct Martin. Both of them declare that the "corpse" is neither that of Kelly or Burke. For all they can say the deceased was just what he called himself. At any rate, there is nothing to be said against him, even if the poor wretch were alive. As he is dead of course he is out of harm's way altogether. Mr. Martin, like Duncan, is in his grave, and "nothing can touch him further."

But the question arises, supposing that the accident had been less serious, that Mr. Martin instead of being mortally injured, had only been merely stunned, and after receiving the scientific treatment of the hospital doctors had found himself all right again, and wanted only to go home and take something warm and comfortable, and then get a good night's rest by way of shaking off the effects of the accident, and fitting himself for another day's work. If such had happened to be the case, would the police have allowed the sufferer from the sad accident to get well in his own way? Of course not. They had marked him down as a Fenian in general, and as identified either with Burke or Kelly in particular. So he would have been transferred from the hospital bed to the police cell, where he would be requested to make himself comfortable until the courts opened at ten o'clock next morning, when, after the night charges were disposed of, the presiding magistrate had leisure to investigate the more serious cases. Under these conditions, the position of a defendant, when the police are witnesses or prosecutors, is highly critical. He is begirt with dangers on all sides. If he relies on the fact that he has always been known as "Martin" all the days of his life, then his Martin career, with all its moral or pecuniary dubieties, is exposed with the most reckless cross-examination; and, if not—if he has ever ventured, in a spirit of fun, or even upon Valentine's Day, to write anything under an *alias*—it follows as a direct inference that in his political manifestoes he has signed himself Burke or Kelly, as the case might be.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, Oct. 7th, 1869.

THE Emperor, whose convalescence may now be considered as thoroughly established, drove yesterday to Paris, and after visiting the Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysées, where he remained upwards of an hour, proceeded along the Boulevards as far as the new Opera, where he had a good inspection of Carpeaux's group of dancing nudities and the half obliterated ink spots that some moral miscreant had bedaubed them with. His Majesty returned afterwards to St. Cloud, where he received General Fleury, whose preparations for departure for Russia as Ambassador are all completed. This morning His Majesty presided at a council of Ministers. Prince Charles de Roumaine had an interview with the Emperor in the afternoon. On Sunday His Majesty will leave St. Cloud for Compiègne, and receive the first batch of guests to whom invitations have already been issued. His Majesty, who is known to be one of the best shots in Europe, will disturb the covers of Compiègne immediately after his arrival, and, enormous quantities of game having been transferred from the Forests of St. Germain and Fontainbleau this year, His Majesty and guests may naturally anticipate unusually good sport in the well-wooded preserves of the palace. The Compiègne season will extend till the Empress's return from the East. Her Majesty, who has telegraphed her gratification at her reception in Italy, will leave Venice to-day. The report that Prince Louis Murat, the youngest son of Prince Lucien Murat, a cousin of the Emperor, had run off to sea, and entered himself as an ordinary seaman on board a small vessel bound for the Antilles, is incorrect—the prince being already entered, and passed his examination, as a volunteer in the Imperial Navy.

Nothing further has transpired relative to the Pantin murders. The body of Jean Kinck, the father, still remains undiscovered, although every brook, pool, and pond in the neighbourhood of Guebwiller has been dragged or drained. Traupmann has latterly lost much of his *sang froid*, and the persons who are in constant attendance upon him feel assured it will not be long ere he makes a wholesale confession. It is said that his mother who was to have visited him in prison has totally lost her senses, and so great has been the blow to her that little or no hopes are entertained of her life.

Among the many schemes that have been suggested for spanning the Channel, a new one by a M. Botel is worth noticing, if not forits *practicability*, at least for its novelty. M. Boutel, who has been taken by the hand by Maréchal Valliant, through whom he had an opportunity of explaining his project to the Emperor in person, proposes a viaduct of nineteen miles, to rest upon twenty-nine piers, the two extreme abutments being Cape Blanc Nez, in France, and Shakspeare cliff at Dover. The depth of the sea along the proposed line no where exceeds 48 metres, and the foundation for each pier, M. Boutel asserts, can easily be made by sinking cast-iron tubes at the desired spots. A platform is to be supported by enormous cables stretched from pier to pier. The inventor has a most perfect model, and the whole affair seems feasible enough in these engineering days, lacking, however, two requisites—the £ s. d. and the answer to the question, would it pay?

The charming Grand Duchesse de Geroldstein has definitely refused all theatrical engagements for this season in France, but has positively accepted one for London, where she is to appear in a new opera expressly composed by Offenbach for the fascinating Duchess. The whole of the scenery, dresses, and decorations, which are spoken of as being wonderfully original, are already *en train*. An arrangement has also been made by which La belle Schneider will make a tour of the whole of the provinces. At the Vaudeville the other evening, two young ladies of the *belle monde* in a *loge d'avant* scene got squabbling for a rose from the button hole of a young Paris, fresh from the shores of Albion. The decoltéed Juno irritably exclaims, "Ah! Madame, you'll die on a dunghill," to which the golden chignoned Venus added, "Ah! bah! c'est possible, but take your oath, I'll not live on one."

BENARES TO BAYSWATER.

DON'T imagine for a moment, intelligent reader, that you are about to suffer the inflictions of an itinerary. Let your capacious mind dismiss from its consideration all computation of physical distances and intermediate accommodation. A moan, a lament over the moral space that now interposes between Colonel Wellington Wagstaff and happiness is the theme that will engage your attention.

Benares to Bayswater! yes, that's "the pity of it, Iago." Alas! there is no *revocare gradum*, or "Bayswater to Benares" should be the reading. A *zubberdustee* regulation forced me out of the service in the plenitude of my manhood—only fifty-nine, by'r lady—and here I am, creeping down the lowest steps on life's ladder, wearied and disgusted with all I behold.

Why did I return to England? Why? To realise a long-cherished dream of *otium cum* ——. No true Briton ever surrenders the vision. It is as bright after forty years of tropical existence as in the very first blush of service. We only make one mistake, but it is a mighty big one. We trace the progress of ruin, the alteration of sentiment in ourselves, but will not suffer fancy to picture the corresponding decadence which time has wrought in all we left behind. The changes in manners we have no opportunity of marking, and England, therefore, when we again plant our poor feet upon its shores is as foreign to us as is Philadelphia to a Chinese or Paris to a New Zealander.

That I had outlived all my relatives will not surprise the "Man About Town" when he learns that I never had brother or sister, and my *bap* was an elderly individual when he made Margaret Stickleback a Wagstaff. I was, of course, the idol of my sainted mother, but she died of fright in 1839 when she heard that the Beloochees had *looted* my camels in the Bolun Pass, and bolted *yek dum* all my dressing-cases and *charpoy*. Some ill-natured fool had added that a horde of *Bawurchees*, armed with *kitcheree* pots and *mussalchees* had fallen upon my detachment and cut us up into *kabobs*. The whole thing naturally had a daring aspect in the eyes of a lady who had not passed the higher standard of Hindostanee. She never recovered the attack. I had an uncle whom I hated from my boyhood, and an aunt who had always detested me because I wilfully trod on her corns and stole her spectacles. Thus, when I arrived at Southampton I was alone in the world, all my portmanteaus, carpet bags, and trunks, and a decayed liver. The state of desolation may be imagined. But I pitched care at once to the winds, and trusting to London plunged into all the dissipations of the monstrous capital. I began with a rump-steak and oyster sauce, accompanied by a quart of stout. These were real luxuries (in imagination) to one who had sustained life with *Moorghee kari* and pale ale; but I paid dearly for the indulgence. Do you know what dyspepsia is? If you should be a stranger to that particular form of human annoyance go to India for forty years, come home and gorge yourself at Simpson's. Blue pills will become a dire necessity for some time. I lived for some days at a hotel at the West-end. To my perception things were much dearer than when I left the country, and the manners of the waiters had not improved. The *karamzodeh* seemed to measure their obtrusive civility by their prospects of *backshish*. I noticed that to men from whom they expected less than the Bengalee nabob they were curt and pert. But, to say the truth, there seemed to be little to admire in the demeanour and tones of the other visitors in the coffee-room. Where are the graceful courtesies flown which, from the days of Sir Roger de Coverly to those of Sir Willoughby Cotton, were wont to distinguish English gentlemen? By gad, sir, we seem to have become coarse brutes to one another. There is a flash, off-hand way among our youth more suitable to *budmashes* than *gora log*. Tradespeople have lost the civil ways which made it a pleasure to deal with them. Even shop-girls are demnably flippant. As to the *kerannies*, with their parted hair and moustaches, they are the mere spawn of music-halls and billiard-roo ms *Apropos*, I went *once* to a music-hall. The title was alluring. I hoped to have heard over again the sweet notes of Kitty Stephens and Sinclair; I looked for "Home, sweet home" and "Scots wha hae," but a *nut kut*, with a cigar in his mouth, told me they were *rococo*—whatever that may mean. His manner was deuced important, and I felt disposed to give him *bamboo backshish*—but I didn't. There were some women singers on the small elevated platform at the end of the hall, but they only brought back sorrowful *souvenirs* of Pierce Buxoo, the Benares bagadere. Ah, that *was* vocation, if you please. For hours have I sat and listened to her strains as

> "High above the fiddlers three
> She warbled *Chota mutchlee*,"

while the rich stream of *paun suparee* trickled down her sweetly brouzed chin. There was some dancing on the platform. Dancing! leaping, vaulting—anything but the little delicate moves of Buxee Naree, whose silver necklet bells were the soft music which accompanied her gentle kicks as she warbled *Taza be taza*. The exposure of the person seemed to do duty for grace. By gad, sir, I would have had the Feroshes brought in to sweep such women into a convent. But nudity seems to be the modern decree of fashion, and, to keep it company, outrageous insolence is the leading feature of female manners in these degenerate days. Accustomed to the modest curtained *hackery*, my eyes could not believe themselves when they first saw daring Jezebels riding alone in open Hansoms. But I soon found that the stepping into these dangerous vehicles afforded the finest opportunity for the display of the hessian boots which our women effect. Good gracious!—boots and calves! Why does not Queen Victoria set the example of *pujamas?* I have not had the supreme felicity of kissing Her Majesty's hand yet, although I have been honoured with the privilege of attending a drawing-room and doing homage to the lovely Shahzadee of Wales.

No Ranee ever seemed to me so graceful and cheerful as the Princess, and that's saying a great deal, when I tell you I was Assistant Resident at the Court of the *Rajah Jootwallah Pauguldar* in the Ceded Provinces, and enjoyed the confidence of the renowned *Begum Shitaunee*, his sister—this by way of parenthesis. But when I *do* get the opportunity of offering my advice to Her

Majesty, I shall certainly recommend her issuing some authoritative decree touching the garb of her subjects. Let her but once understand that the undraped charms which we see advertised of an evening in all circles are revolting to the sense of propriety her officers cultivate in the East, and Her Majesty will not lose a moment in commanding decency, and conferring the Star of India on (to the shame of the Government be it said) the still undecorated WAGSTAFF.

Oriental Club, Hanover-square, Oct. 4.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

TOURIST LITERATURE.—III.

HAVING in our previous articles described what the present supply of Tourist Literature is, we will now attack the more difficult problem of what it ought to be.

This suggests an ideal to which the first approaches must be made by negatives. What ought not to be inserted—what can be retrenched or compressed, or omitted altogether, without depriving the "average" tourist of anything he is likely to require? This is the question of questions. Every traveller's luggage, material or literary, should be made as light, compact, and cheap as possible. Anything like surplusage, in any of these respects, cometh of evil. And the tourist, after a little experience, finds this out. He discovers that the well-bound octavo, which weighs heavily in his pocket, and has cost several shillings, contains, no doubt, an immense amount of information, together with sundry maps, plans, and woodcuts—but that out of the whole volume of 300 pages only some 20 or 30 at the outside are devoted to the locality which he intends to visit, or to subjects with which he feels the slightest interest.

By way of specimen among our home "handbooks," let us take the hand-book for Yorkshire. The "county" is the largest in England—so large, indeed, that for electoral purposes it has long been divided into three "ridings," which etymologically mean "thirdings," but which have been made four by recent enactment. Yorkshire, again, presents a wide variety of scenery and population. It possesses a considerable stretch of seaboard; an extensive area of moorland, haunted by all sorts of game; many rivers that did, and some which still do, supply good sport to the fishermen. Then it has a cathedral church and city, with many other churches and cities well worth visiting; ruins for the antiquarian, "show" places for picnic-ers, and scenery of varied beauty for the lovers of the picturesque. Finally, it has watering places, both on the coast and inland, which stand in the first rank among the centres of fashionable resort. These are the attractions which Yorkshire offers to the tourist. The mere enumeration suffices to show that any exhaustive description of them all, however brief and compact, must necessarily occupy a considerable space, and in fact form a rather thick volume. And then comes in the objection that the tourists are divided into several classes, no two of whom desire precisely the same information. The tourist for "sport," for example, will care only in rare instances about the legends of St. Hilda and the Whitby monastery; while the artist tourist will be very slightly interested in the supply of "birds" on the moors, or of trout in the Esk; and a third class, whose ideal of tourism is flirting, dining, and dancing at the Spa or in the "Royal" at Scarborough, will care very little for either.

One negative rule is therefore established for the preparation of a good guide-book—it must *not* be adapted for the use of a hypothetical tourist, who is supposed to travel with the intention of "doing" Yorkshire. For, in point of fact, no tourist really tries, or even wishes, to "do" either York or any other shire. The only exceptions are the electioneering agent and the "commercial gentleman," and neither of them care sone straw for ruins—in stone; nor, although in their several ways great adepts at "tickling," do they much care for trout—uncooked. Other tourists there are, of what may be called the "vagabond" order, who roam extensively over the face of the country; but these all travel "with an object." They are artists, or geologists, or mere *quid nunes*, who wander about in search of views, or fossils, or curiosities of every sort; but they come for a special purpose, and bring with them special knowledge, which, even as regards the objects presented in any locality, very often exceeds that possessed by the dwellers in the locality itself—not to say any at the command of the hand-book compiler. To such tourists the best hand-book constructed on the "comprehensive" plan affords no better information than a scholar finds in the catalogue of some second-hand bookseller.

Another negative rule we may lay down is, that the guide-book for any place must not be written by any native of, or habitual resident in, that place. Otherwise the result will prove faulty on both sides. By long residence every one who has capacity enough to undertake the task of preparing such a work acquires certain personal likings and dislikings, not merely to his fellow-residents, but to the scenery, the habitations, the general ways and belongings of the locality, which it is barely possible for him to keep out of his book. There are haunts, and habitudes, and hobbies which have become so precious in his eyes that he cannot help expatiating upon them, and urging their claims to admiration with an emphasis which the tourist after a laborious trial finds altogether misplaced. On the other hand, "familiarity breeds contempt," and the "ancient inhabitant" is apt to regard with unappreciative eyes—simply because he has seen them all his life, and knows all about them—the very things which the tourist from another part of the country would find most interesting or enjoyable. Nothing can be more mortifying than to discover, perhaps on the very last day of one's "vacation ramble," that some places and objects of most attractive character have been left unvisited, though within easy reach, simply because they had not been mentioned in the "guide-book."

This book must, moreover, contain much advice and recommendation respecting hotels, apartments, carriages, horses, shops, and other matters belonging to the commissariat and quarter-master general's department, on which it is difficult, if not impossible, for the habitual resident to maintain strict impartiality. To preserve an *incognito* of authorship is to an inhabitant, and among inhabitants, utterly out of the question. It would require more than a forty-Junius-power of secretiveness to preserve the mystery. Then all sorts of influences come into play. The author is surrounded by friends whom he does not wish to injure or to alienate, or begirt with foes whom he fears to provoke. The guide-book, also, is full, necessarily, of statements and facts. In that respect, indeed, it ought to resemble a blue-book—stewed down. And for all these "facts" the unfortunate guide-bookmaker is seriously responsible, while his "statements" are subject to microscopic criticism, and sure to bring down a storm of neighbourly wrath upon his devoted head. He is accused—or in writing, fears the accusation—of understating on one point, or overstating on another; of praising here too much, or there too little; of recording what was merely accidental as a fact, and of omitting to mention facts as being mere accidents. Even political leanings or antagonisms may come into play. In every event the local author of a guide-book is subjected to pressure on all sides, which cannot fail to impair the fulness or the fairness of his production, and to render it incomplete, not to say untrustworthy as a *vade mecum* of the tourist.

AT LLOYD'S.

THE authorities in the City are, fortunately, far more enlightened than those west of Temple-bar. Hence it happens that those two ancient, respectable, and, as we believe, most valuable institutions, Capel Court and Lloyd's, are still permitted to flourish, while Messrs. Wright have been driven for a time in disgust from our shores to the more advanced civilisation of the States. We do not envy the feelings of that wretched policeman who, having been fortunately on the *right* horse managed to back it with the *Wright* man, and after being honourably paid, had the soul to give the "office." It is a great pity they had not selected a gentleman or two from those hallowed "ruins," as they used to exist, near Farringdon-street, where, had they asked for the money, they would have been either kicked, or threatened indignantly with being given into the custody of some of their brother officers. But, as we have said, Lloyd's still holds up its head, and we hope may do so for many years to come. Lloyd's, be it known, is a place where bookmakers meet to make their books as others do at Albert Gate, but with this difference—at Albert Gate they bet about horses; at Lloyd's, about ships. And there is this further distinction, that at the one place they bet against horses winning—at the other, against ships being lost. But the analogy is complete so far as the principle is concerned. It is so completely, too, a game of chance. All the studying of "Lloyd's List," all the careful inquiries as to what is known of a vessel, and so on, for the purposes of appearing very wise on the subject, is all nonsense. Luck is the grand thing. If a man can win at loo, or fluke triumphantly at billiards, the odds are that he would make a successful underwriter. Constantly does it happen that the gods in pity have averted a much-coveted risk, while the old tub, insured with trembling hand, has reached the haven in safety. Underwriting, whatever may be said, is like stock-jobbing, rouge-et-noir, or betting. They may be all very useful institutions in their way, but they are all gambling, differing little but in name; and it is mere cant and hypocrisy to put down one and leave the other. Some few of the gentlemen at Lloyd's, not to be behind in this age of progress, and forasmuch as they have nothing to pay, are not ignorant of the system known as "going for the gloves," which in their case means that they collar all the premiums they can get, and when a loss occurs they are probably not known at the address given. Most of the underwriters make, say a two hundred pounds book, about a vessel for the great Ocean race. This race is going on all the year round, but between the 1st August and April the betting is very much like that about the Autumn Handicaps. They know what "dead" uns and "stiff" uns are quite as well as they do on the turf. Often and often have vessels been insured after they were lost, and others have sailed with the averages already made out—to meet the case of a nautical "roping" then in contemplation. Then, too, they have their *Ruff's Guide* in the shape of "Lloyd's List." This contains all the names and performances of the vessels, the names of the owners and jockeys, who are styled captains. There is chronicled—to use turf phraseology—the stable and the trainer; and it even goes beyond *Ruff* in telling you whether, to continue the simile, a vessel has been in physic, or, perhaps, as Professor Gamgee would *not* allow, has strained the suspensory ligament. It is impossible to avoid seeing the very strong analogy between betting and underwriting. In both cases the profits of the bookmakers are made up from the large number of small backers, and by this means are they enabled to pay when the horse wins, or the ship is lost, as the case may be. The turf probably now has distanced Lloyd's in speculation altogether. As a rule, they do not underwrite more than two or three hundred pounds on one ship. We can recollect the days when old Richard Thornton would take ten thousand on a single risk; but he was known to be worth the money, and there were very few Marine insurance offices. His was something like speculation. It did not matter whether it was a rise in tallow or very long odds against a lady having twins—he probably considering such a catastrophe as a calamity that ought to be insured against. We believe he never lost on this last venture; but we know a case where he was very nearly picked up. He used to tell how he was the first to get news through a special messenger of his own, or, as he would be called in these days, our "special commissioner," of the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. And there was another story which he did *not* tell, to the following effect:—When the Crimean war broke out there was a meeting of Russian merchants to consider the effect likely to be produced. The unanimous verdict was that tallow must go up; and of this opinion was Richard Thornton. On leaving, they were not a little surprised to find that Master Dickey had bought up all the tallow upon which he could lay hands, and they might have what they wanted at his price. He would lend a million to an aspiring Don, or, as we have said, alleviate the sufferings of a too prolific mother. So long as money was to be made he cared not how it was to be done. Perhaps he was not over-scrupulous, but he did give a spirit

to the "Room" that seems to have departed from it. It is at this moment an institution famous for its sandwiches, oysters, and underwriters—some years ago this order might have been probably reversed, but the glory has to a great extent departed. We have heard this attributed to various causes. Some persons think that the underwriters do not hold together enough, but each man—in turf language—stands in the ring, they complain, on his own clogs. If there are twenty names on a policy, the "settlement" may be delayed by one, and it has been suggested that a committee should regulate settlements as they do in Capel Court. If so it is to be hoped they would be an improvement on the Institution over the way. It is said, too, that the Liverpool element does no good. Liverpool men certainly do not stick at trifles, but they rather tend to keep a place alive, and we very much doubt if anyone has the least idea of the amount of business carried on not very long since in Liverpool on the capital of a promissory note. The best dinners there, were sure to be given by gentlemen who within three months had offered their creditors the absurdly liberal payment of one shilling and ninepence in the pound. This evinces genius, we can't help thinking—genius possibly misapplied, but which might be utilized, and we do not think that this is the cause for the decadence of Lloyd's. The first and main cause of all this is the creation of insurance offices. In the first place, it is easier to do your insurance in one large sum in a large office than to be obliged to run about like a dog in a fair—to do the same business in a number of small sums with a number of small men. Consider, too, the pull the office has in the want of direct interest on the part of the manager. The poor underwriters are accused of not being liberal enough in their settlements. Poor, deluded individuals, they have to pay themselves, and are so benighted as to think twice about it before paying, especially if they should think it a case of a "safe un," or if, perhaps, a little time might be a convenience in consequence of the withdrawal for the last two or three years of banking "facilities." The gentleman who manages for the Cosmopolitan Insurance is under no such absurd restrictions; he is untrammelled by thoughts of wife, children, or banker, and he "settles" away with a bland countenance, well assured of his usual quarterly payment—it may be out of profits, or it may not. It may be conceded that Lloyd's men are rather dull; they have not the life and go of Capel-court; but they have not and cannot have the same means of making money. They cannot make more than their premium; but they can make a total loss of, say, a thousand pounds in consideration of a petty premium of fifty shillings. The only time they have a chance is in time of war, when risks run high, or when a vessel is over time, and the betting is even whether she is lost or not. But if duller than they of the Stock Exchange, they are probably more gentlemanly; if they have less jokes they have also less vulgarity. They do occasionally about "Derby" time break out into a "Sweep," and in such ways evince an aptitude for better things; but we have heard a man bitterly complain that when he asked a Member a riddle, the answer was—eight and sixpence per cent. If Lloyd's will only wake up they may do as well almost as ever. When Joint Stock Banks were started, everyone said that private banks would go to the wall; but it has not been so. Men prefer dealing with gentlemen, and so it has come to pass that the private banks hold their ground. It is not pleasant to go for banking "facilities" to an individual whose only experience of banking has been obtained as a clerk, and the foundation of whose creed is that a rich butterman is in every way superior to a poor gentleman. Neither is it agreeable to go to effect insurances with small men at large salaries, who, probably, in consequence of complete inability to manage their own business have had confided to them the interests of some hundreds of shareholders. We look forward, then, to a not unsuccessful future for the underwriters in spite of all opposition. Let them by no means contract the supply of sandwiches or oysters, but let them enlarge their minds, and if possible their capital, and we believe that the eternal cry of "Dumas Wylie" from the stentorian keeper of the door is likely to last for some time to come.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEMI-BREVE.—Still too long. Rest, count three, and try again.

PIGGY-WIGGY (Berks).—We do not quite like your *sty*-le. Can't you become an improved Berkshire?

ACROSTIC.—We shall be very happy to give consideration to your efforts in that, or any other, line. Only let it be the up line, and, if possible, express.

GOODENOUGH HORSE SHOE.—We have thoroughly tested the invention ourselves, or should not have so emphatically recommended it. You cannot do better than introduce it into your stable at once.

BEAUX-YEUX.—We never give private addresses. We may state, however, that you are entirely mistaken in your conjecture.

GOOSE.—Bo!

G. OF THE P.—Gracious heavens! What *can* we be supposed to know of such matters? However, if you *must* have our opinion, send your real name and address, and we will see what we can do for you.

SIR C. L. Y.—Received, and shall appear the week after next.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

WRITING as I am, with open windows and in a glare of sunlight that would not disgrace a July day, it seems hard to believe that we are—not shivering, perhaps—but certainly standing, thinly-clad, on the brink of winter. For, as I have before said or sung, I consider the beginning of hunting the end of autumn, and we have but three weeks now between us and what Dean Close considers the scarlet sin. If the tidal wave spares us, we shall all be at the Second October Meeting on Monday; and once we have safe us down by the fires of the Rutland the end is nigh. To compensate us, perhaps, for this reminder of the transitory nature of all things, the Cesarewitch gathering is one of the pleasantest of the year. The charm of the Heath, potent at all times, is never more conspicuous or irresistible than when the "effacing fingers" of October are slowly and tenderly sweeping the lines where Jarvis lingers; when the morning breezes have all the exhilaration and pungency of genuine saline draughts; when, even after a bad night, your head does not hiss when you take your bath; and when the glorious feathered triumvirate (to say nothing of the Cambridge sausage) awaits you on your return from the morning gallops. "There is nothing, at least, in my diocess," as the late Bishop of ——— was wont to remark, "at all comparable to Newmarket." Happy the country that had a prelate liberal enough to appreciate such a spot and bold enough to maintain such an opinion! It is quoted in the *Record*, pp. 1001, and may be seen any day at the office of that journal from 10 to 4.

The much-dreaded tidal wave has spared us for the time being, and confidence among water parties, including turncocks, is restored. I do not think I ever saw the sea lower or more still than it appeared on Tuesday. So depressed, indeed, was it that I could have fancied it had heard bad news, and had cried itself to sleep; and on Wednesday and Thursday it was, though convalescent, perfectly tame. We, in this part of the world, had, of course, prepared for the worst. Several careful souls had removed their furniture inland (prudently remaining themselves *chez eux*)—a course of action for which their pianos and cheffonnières ought to be duly grateful. Several improved life-belts were laid in; one old gentleman, almost *in extremis*, chartered, provisioned, and had in readiness at a moment's notice the "William and Mary" lugger, and every Newfoundland dog in the place was bought up at a premium. I, who was born with a caul (I did'nt respond), was comparatively tranquil, and beyond providing an additional quantity of something to qualify so much extra water, made no abnormal preparations. So it is clearly not for me to pick a quarrel with Mr. Saxby, whose injudicious and unscientific prediction, however, might fairly justify the remonstrances of any who have thrust their Broadwood out of windows on the faith of his misrepresentations.

Like olives, oysters, claret, and truffles, a taste for Newmarket is of slow growth. Few appreciate the Abingdon Mile or the "Ditch In" all at once. Love for the Heath rarely comes at first sight, but it is founded on a rock, and it endures. I am not ashamed to own that when led into Newmarket for the first time to assist at a Craven Meeting, without lodgings, without a hack, in frightful weather, and with a gumboil, I danced before the White Hart like a frenzied sugarbroker, and said such things in my passion to my betrayer as nearly hoisted him out of his Sydenhams. But long before the year was out I was compelled to give in my adhesion to the verdict wiser heads than mine had long since pronounced, and add my testimony to the cloud of witnesses who assert unweariedly that "there is nothing like it." Now that the authorities have consented to a *rapprochement* between the ring and the cup, and have placed the pork chops of the *al fresco* caterer within reach of the famished speculator, there is nothing but a reasonably commodious stand to be desired. Perhaps in the fulness of time this also may be vouchsafed us. The trumpery erection, which is the Jockey Club's latest achievement, is unworthy of the name.

A flying visit to town for the purpose of investing in the Duck-and-Drake Beneficent Assurance Company showed me that the excursion for the million, or the millions, was ended, and that the return, second and third-class, had begun. The streets have grown stouter and more cheerful; cabmen a good deal less civil; and my hairdresser was (as I was once!) engaged. There were three distinct carriages in Regent-street, and several persons, one with a watch-chain, in Pall-mall. Some shutters were down even in "highly respectable" neighbourhoods; though I was pleased to see the abode of my friends the Lardidardies, who are living in great discomfort at the back, still hermetically sealed. The bow-windows of the Clubs are certainly still deserted, except by one or two strong-minded men (the terror of the chief butler), who, like the Christy's, never leave London, except to take medicine or get, from prudential reasons, into another bailiwick.

Amusements are beginning to crop up again, too; new books, including a Review, are putting forth timid leaves; musical arrangements are being made; and the first tiny blossom of wintry art announcement has made its appearance above ground. From all which signs and wonders it may be taken that the ice is breaking up, that the money is running short—in fact, that "the beggars are coming to town."

My stay in town, like my space in the country, being but limited, I had time to see and hear little besides some bad language from a cabman, which does not bear repetition. I managed, however, to assist at the *début* of Mdlle. Nilsson in the *Messiah*, on which (my musical young man having just stepped out as far—as Vienna) I may say a few words. That so consummate an *artiste* as the highly cultivated Swede would sing any music well was not to be doubted; that she would sing Händel satisfactorily was questionable. It needs something more than a fine voice and a good method to execute "How Beautiful" or "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in a way to satisfy the Händelian connoisseurs who fill the

agonising benches of Exeter Hall. For a dozen brilliant executants of operatic music there is barely one who unites the voice, the traditional knowledge, the devotional feeling, and the *discipline* requisite to interpret Händel. The triumphant success of Mdlle. Nilsson was as unequivocal as it was, by the sterner school of critics, unexpected. Her dramatic intelligence, her devotional feeling, her phrasing, and her articulation are all so irreproachable that even united to an inferior voice they would invest with a singular charm her reading of what is, perhaps, the crown and glory of sacred *rôles*. When to the possession of such good gifts is added that last and best qualification—a transcendant voice, it may be imagined how satisfying was the whole performance. When Mdlle. Nilsson more thoroughly appreciates the fact that to take from or add to Händel is, whatever it may be thought at Covent Garden, considered a crime in the Strand, she will be almost as beyond criticism as Mr. Sims Reeves, the glory and the despair of singers of sacred music. To hear such a pair of *artistes*, supported by Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Mr. Foley (otherwise Signor Foli), was worth forsaking the tidal wave for. If the Sacred Harmonic Society do not transplant this exquisite Swede to their garden this season, and do not "make it up" with Mr. Sims Reeves, they will get no more subscriptions out of me. The re-decoration of their hall may, however, foreshadow a change in their old, obstructive, and narrow-minded policy, visible, I may add, in their exits and their entrances no less than in their choice of music and singers.

The diseased state of our Poultry—let no old lady dream of the pip—cries aloud for some energetic measure which shall clear a passage down its dusty old throat, and permit the ingress and egress of the working bees obliged to pass through it *en route* to their golden hive. I was last week literally penned up in this Isthmus of Sewers for a quarter of an hour, until the associations of the place (not to speak of the heat and smell) became so strong that I almost laid an egg. It is not fair that a harmless citizen should be goaded to within an ace of the condition of a Dorking matron on terms of affection with her five-toed spouse. It is hardly fair; it is hardly decent. Suppose, for an instant, that my fears had been realised, and that I *had* laid an egg. I should have been immortalised, but at what a cost! My (if I may so term it) *production* would have made more noise than the roc's egg discovered by that famous explorer Es-Sindibad. Professors would have handled it, grave doctors lectured, *savans* theorised, speculated, dogmatised, egg-matised on it, till they were black in the face. A special evening would have been devoted to it at the Cosmopolitan, where Professor Owen (who would, perhaps, have tried to hatch it) would have produced parallel passages from the history of the Dodo, and have covered me with confusion. Foreign Societies would have corresponded about it, learned journals would have published sections of it, her most gracious Majesty the Queen might possibly have sent for it, and, merciful heavens! for its author. How I should have been coaxed, cajoled, entreated, perhaps threatened to try and repeat the process! My cook would have been bribed to feed me high and keep me well supplied with lime, and perhaps drop a nest-egg secretly into my arm-chair as I dozed. It makes me hot when I think of the perils I so narrowly escaped. I shall never be able to look a hen in the face again.

Foreign Intelligence.—The Saxon Diet was formally opened on the 30th ult. The *menu* consisted simply of the "Roast Beef of Old England," surrounded by Small Germans. The banquet was served on Dresden, and King John presided in person.

ENIGMA.

(Solutions are invited.)

I'M found in rushing waters where
The roaring breakers cleave the air,
And, scattering their spray around,
Fall to the earth with thundering sound;
I'm found in earth, though not in mines;
I'm in each star that brightly shines;
I'm heard amid the thunder crash,
Yet never seen in lightning's flash;
In fire and water both am I,
And in the Iris of thine eye;
In war's alarms I'm always heard,
I'm in the chirrup of each bird;
I'm ever at each hunting burst,
And in all riots I'm the first;
Sweet peace I shun, but live in war,
I ride upon the warrior's car;
But swiftly though my course I bend,
I ne'er can get there till the end;
I come on when the carrion crow
Stoops o'er full many a heart laid low;
Yet, though I've said I ne'er can come
Until war's end, the earliest drum
Meets me there! I'm in every roar
Of musketry, and swim in gore!
I'm known in hunger and in thirst;
In every race I come in first;
In lovers' hearts I nestle, and
Lurk in the ringlets which have fanned
Thy cheek; e'en when thou goest to bed
I'm in the curtains o'er thy head;
I'm known where'er the moon-ray streams,
And ever float amid thy dreams;
Without me thou could'st have no charms—
E'en now thou hast me in thine arms!

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

THE old "Adelphi drama" was a remarkable institution to which we look back with something of the puzzled interest with which a naturalist might examine the leg of a familiar yet extinct vertebrate. It was a strange abnormal thing, resembling nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. It abounded in incongruities, improbabilities, even impossibilities. It was insulting to common sense, and destructive of all preconceived ideas and syllogistic reasoning. It was generally laden with contraband spoils from France, and always full of a singular ingredient known as "Adelphi fun," and was altogether more like a cockney's dream after a night at the Porte St. Martin and a supper at Hill's than anything we can suggest. Still, it was full of life and "go;" it was crowded with incident; its pathos (Miss Woolgar), and its fun (Mr. Wright) alternated in well-defined zones, and it was inflexibly moral. Such a thing as a leaning, even in the first act, to vice, or a doubt as to the ultimate triumph of virtue, was unknown to playwright and to audience in the good old days of the Adelphi, when Mesdames Celeste and Woolgar, Messieurs. Hughes, Boyce, Wright, O. Smith, and Paul Bedford "ran" an audience through five acts of breathless emotion like a policeman.

That the Adelphi drama of the past was the forerunner and prototype of the sensational drama of the present there can be little doubt. The postponement of all æsthetic considerations to the one paramount desire for effect, the strong situations and weak dialogue, the alternate stiltiness and slanginess, all point to a relationship between the two of which our first simile affords, perhaps, the best illustration. The type is familiar, but the species itself is extinct. The increased love of realism (in Mr. Vincent Crummles's pump-and-wash-tub sense) has not, of course, been without influence, and has rendered certain modifications and changes in the old structure necessary. But the groundwork remains. The formation and anatomy remain undisturbed. It is only the "filling in" which has undergone a change. *The Streets of London* are nothing more than *The Writing on the Wall* or the *Willow Copse* brought down to the artistic requirements of the year of grace 1869. Holding these opinions we cannot quite see on what grounds the production of such a piece as *Lost at Sea*, which was found at the New Adelphi on Saturday night, should be held to be an attempt to resuscitate the fossil remains of that old Adelphi drama which modern stage requirements has rendered impossible. *Lost at Sea* is, to all intents and purposes, a sensational drama of the modern type. It is not easy to state categorically in what the precise difference consists, but if any one will take the trouble to exercise the faculty of comparison the distinction will be manifest. Place *Lost at Sea* between *The Green Bushes* and *The Streets of London*, and there will be no hesitation in deciding to which class it belongs. It may be an "Adelphi drama," but it is calculated for the meridian of the new and not the old house. Belonging to a low class of dramatic production, *Lost at Sea* is an inferior sample of even that class. Its plot is a mere *rifacciamento* of the best known scenes in *Henry Dunbar*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *The Streets of London*. The oldest and most hacknied expedients are made use of to give effect to incidents with which, either singly or in certain connections, everyone is familiar. Messrs. Boucicault and Byron have stolen from Miss Braddon and Mr. Dickens, and from Mr. Boucicault himself, and worked up the plunder into a four-act drama, in which the only exciting points are such striking novelties as a partially executed suicide and a conflagration. The rest of the flabby and well-worn incidents are mortar between the bricks, while the dialogue which moistens the whole is *aqua pura*. In neither the delineation or development of character have the compilers been more successful than in the invention of a plot. If any ingenuity has been exercised with respect to the *dramatis personæ* it has been with the vagabond Rawlings, who, however, may be considered to owe most of his individuality to the intelligent impersonation of the part by Mr. Atkins. The acting was throughout very fair, and the fiery effect in the last act alarmingly truthful. By the way, it seems clear that neither of the compilers can avoid submitting their plays to the ordeal of either fire or water. A drama without an attempt to drown or calcine hero or heroine would seem, to either artist, impossible. If we might venture on a suggestion we would hint that an occasional recurrence to the other elements might be advisable. The consequences of asphyxia or of a landslip would be at once novel, ingenious, and harrowing. Or a drama, the action of which took place wholly "up in a balloon," or exclusively within the bowels of the earth, might be even better. The sight (and smell) of the escape of real gas, or of a moderate explosion of choke-damp would make an impression on the audience to which "real water" would be child's play.

A new burlesque by Mr. Burnand, called the *Beast and the Beauty, or no Rose without a Thorn* was produced at the Royalty on Monday, with, it is superfluous to say, complete success. As there are people who, according to Mr. Dickens, would cheer a funeral, so there are audiences which laugh at the dreariest productions of the human intellect if they are called burlesques, and are the work of particular hands. The "Royalty" rejoices in such complaisant patrons, who would inevitably canonise Mr. Burnand if such a mark of distinction were permitted by our Church or our social laws. Whether an extravagance of his making be good, bad, or indifferent matters nothing; there is a burlesque, there is "Burnand" on the bills, there are puns, there are breakdowns, there are parodies on Westonian and Canterburian melodies, and as for legs it might be a centipede. There must surely be some virtue in the letter B. What with our Boucicaults, Byrons, Burnands, and Broughs, no other playwright has a chance of being heard. And, as we have before said, we believe the burlesque writer under notice is the best beloved of them all. Among the really bright and clever travesties which we owe to the pen of the writer of *Happy Thoughts* it is not probable that *The Beast and the Beauty* will take an exalted place. The story is, perhaps, none the worse for being an old one, but in the treatment there is nothing new, the general arrangement and disposition of the characters being mere echoes of Mr. Burnand's former productions. Mr. Dewar's inebriation is always a masterly piece of "tightness," and Mr. Danvers makes an irresistible old woman, both being seen to perfection in *Black-Eyed Susan;* but we do not care to find them perpetually re-produced, like Mr. Anthony Trollope's clergymen, in every pic-

ture their author may subsequently paint. The family likeness between the jokes of any two burlesques is apparent enough to stamp them as (in general) weak-minded members of the same circle, and the *Beast* can claim no special merit or originality in this line. The songs and dances (with one exception) are of the old, old pattern, of which one begins (not being a confirmed "Royalist") to feel as did Mariana in the Moated Grange. The exception is a dance closely and comically imitating the evolutions of marionettes, the effect of which is funny and novel. The acting, as might be expected in so experienced and well-assorted a company, is very neat and level.

THEATRICAL VOCABULARY.

Progress...	...	*Décadence.*
Dreams ...	...	Perchance to sleep!
Lost at Sea	...	Picked up by B.
School ...	...	With a resident German professor.
Formosa...	...	A flash "piece of eight."
Plain English ...	...	You be d——d.

MODERN CRIBBAGE.—Two for *her* heels.

NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—Waist not, part not.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

THE daily price list on the Cesarewitch has monopolised the "Talk" of the week, and the returns may be briefly summed up in the slangy expression of the Ring—"Any prices most of these runners." Every day has seen a favourite go, and, strange to say, very few of the outside rank have come to the front. Of some of the favourites, from the characters of the stables they are in, nothing but "ups and downs" could be expected. When the public fancy a horse belonging to William Day, Baron Rothschild, Lord Wilton, or Mr. Gilby, they must expect to be on thorns until the flag falls, when they are put out of their misery by seeing their pets, great favourites, knocked out, or not at the post. This has been the case this week, and the way See-Saw, Miss Peddie colt, Phantom, Starter, and Vacuum have been knocked about has tended to keep up the charter for "dark doings" possessed by all the above mentioned "gentlemen." The programme of the Newmarket "Second" October meeting will bear very favourable comparison with that of the "First," for there are at least a dozen races that will possess some interest beyond that afforded to the wire-pullers. On the first day Kingcraft will either win or walk over for the Produce Stakes, and Martinique will be "perambulated" for the 50 sovs. sweepstakes.

On the second day, Sunlight, in the absence of the Bribery colt, will win the Clearwell; and Gertrude has only to show for the Home-Bred Sweepstakes to frighten away all opposition.

On the third day, Guy Dayrell should win the Windsor Stakes, and only in his absence can Mr. Graham hope to be successful with Gamos. Baron Rothschild will win the Beaufort and Lord Falmouth the Bedford Stakes. On Thursday the Newmarket Oaks is "a good thing" for Martinique, as is the Bretby Stakes for Sunshine. I shall stand Pretender in preference to Martyrdom for the Newmarket Derby, to be run for on Friday, and in the absence of Hawthornden in the Prendergast, Baron Rothschild will secure that race with his selection. This leaves me the Cesarewitch and Middle Park Plate to deal with, and I will proceed to battle with them accordingly.

The field for the Cesarewitch will certainly not exceed twenty, and it may fail to reach that number even, by three or four, and they will form as bad a "lot" as is often seen at the post for a large race.

See-Saw will not start, having evidently been prepared for the "tomb" during the week, and therefore Cecil will figure as the top-weight amongst the runners.

Cecil, from his running this year, can possess no chance whatever with 8st. 9lb., but as the same remark applies to nearly all the competitors, too much attention must not be paid to it. Absolutely, not one of the favourites is in the race on public form, but horses are worked nowadays so carefully and so well in the early part of the year, with a view of picking up the "good things" at the back end, that in estimating the chances of the horses in the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and Liverpool Autumn Cup, all previous performances must be wiped off the slate, and the money and information alone taken into consideration—a nice state of things, certainly, but perfectly true for all that.

The question that arises, then, respecting Cecil is this. Will he represent "Lord Freddy" or will Fairwind be the horse, or will both be thrown over in favour of William Day's selected one? These are contingencies enough to floor any prophet, but my present conclusion is that Fairwind will try on his own account, and if better than the Woodyates champion, will win. Of the two horses, I incline to the chance of Fairwind, who has been to Newmarket, not to see what others could do with him, as represented, but what he could do with others—and the market will tell its tale. Taraban, an old favourite of mine, has, in my opinion, 7lbs. too much weight, and if he runs into a place it will be as much as he will do. With Starter I will couple Vacuum, as I have every reason to believe that the former must give way to the latter. They are to be tried to-day (Thursday), but the money that has already been put on Vacuum by those on the "know" would seem to intimate what the result of the trial will be, and as Starter has an undeniable chance on paper, his victor at home is bound to finish in the first three, if he is not the absolute winner.

Birthday is a good horse, with a little too much weight, I think; and notwithstanding all the cleverness that has been manifested by his party in putting him up for sale and buying him back again, I do not think they will be successful with their little game, although he has been tried to stay and is very well.

John Davis, the winner of the Northampton Stakes with 9st. on his back three and a half years ago, is here handicapped at 6st. 12lbs., or two stone less than when he ran third for this race four years since! Has he not the appearance of being a really good thing? I confess he has, and I thought so when I took him amongst my selection of five when upwards of 20 to 1 was offered against him. I have excellent accounts of him, moreover, and I am sure the money is right; but yet I have an idea that his winning is too good to be true, and that he will just miss the judge's eye. Those who have backed him may stand more than half their investments to nothing, and I should recommend them to do so.

Phantom, 4 years, 6st. 9lbs., is the mystery of the handicap; in fact, some people go so far as to say he is a Mrs. Harris, and "there is no sitch a horse;" but I have very different information about him, and if he only goes to the post with his head loose he will give a rare account of himself. He is the finest and best looking horse in the race; this fact I have from one who saw him gallop over Ploughboy in the early part of the week, and instead of being, as reported, "as fat as a bull," he is in reality "as fit as a fiddle." His owner, Mr. Gilby's, ways are, however, inscrutable—witness the York-street commissioner having the "office" to knock out Adventurer for the Great Northern Handicap in 1863, the day before the race, and to return his price from the former as 50 to 1 offered, and piling the money on the next day and bringing him to 5 to 1, and then the horse winning the race hands down!

This may be the case with Phantom; he, no doubt, came too soon, and had notice, therefore, to quit the front rank last Saturday; but I feel sure he will come again, as it is only a question of getting the money well on, and in that case Phantom will belie his name, or I am much mistaken. He is as good as Ploughboy at even weights, and the latter at 6st. 9lb. would indeed be a moral. I now come to the lightweights of the Handicap; and Lopez, the representative of Hughes' lot, first claims my attention. His chance certainly does not look rosy on paper, taking into consideration his running with Lady Beaconsfield and Miss Dayrell last week, but I think none the worse of him on *that* account, and I am prepared to see him run a very good horse. Mr. Hughes, his owner, is such a *very* painstaking gentleman that it does not do to oppose him when in earnest, as he is now, and therefore Lopez should be kept harmless. Atonement, the other representative of the stable, is evidently not "ripe" yet. She has been well "messed about," very little, I regret to say, to the advantage of her former owner; and she will be "messed about" for some time longer by her present one before she turns out the good thing she will prove one of these days. Gardener, even with his feather of 6st. 2lb., will not, I think, trouble the Judge; and Royal Head is palpably in reserve, having served his purpose and returned to that bourne from which no safe one returns. Crown Princess will, in all probability, be Bloss' representative, and very likely become a great favourite, but she must give way to one or two at least as well in as she is; and for Stork I have no sort of fancy. The Miss Peddie colt "one of the Baron's good things that never come off," as I said last week, having broken a blood vessel and been knocked out, requires no further notice at my hands, but had he kept well there can be no doubt Hayhoe thought he had "a rod in pickle." The Miss Peddie colt being settled, it occurred to "the Baron" or his trainer, or some one, that another horse of his—Wildbad—would be a good substitute, and accordingly Messrs. Weatherby announce that "by inadvertence Wildbad was omitted from the acceptances." Thus the public are asked to believe that not until three weeks after the acceptances were published, was this "omission" discovered! The only course open to the Baron, if he has any wish to be considered a gentleman, is forthwith and without a moment's delay, to scratch his horse. Should Wildbad be permitted to start, it will be an outrage on common decency; should he start and win, I should think even the Newmarket authorities will—for once in a way—wake up and take some action in the matter. Of Provider and Toby I have very favourable reports, but I place no faith in them, although the former has been "worked with a will" in many ways with a view to land this event. The Lady Evelyn filly, now named Sylva, as Wadlow's representative, is entitled to every respect, but although she may defeat Cherie, I believe she will have to give way to Vacuum, and after the strange proceedings of the stable anent See-Saw and Royal Head, no true lover of sport could wish to see her successful. Cherie has been the steadiest animal in the betting since the acceptances came out, and Mat Dawson, her trainer, a man who makes but few mistakes, is very sanguine. On public form she has no chance, but that matters not the least, for the money behind her says she is a good mare when wanted. However, I cannot advise an investment on her at her present price, but as she was one of my selections in a lot when 14 to 1 was obtainable directly after the publication of the acceptances, she will, I believe, in the race, justify the favourable notice I bestowed on her. Vacuum I have already dealt with; so having gone through the Handicap as promised last week, it only remains for me to sum up the result. The lot from which the winner will spring, then, consists, in my opinion, of the following seven—viz., Cherie, John Davis, Lady Evelyn filly, Vacuum, Fairwind, Lopez, and Phantom.

For the last fortnight I have remained faithful to the selections made by me on the 18th September last—viz., Vacuum, Fairwind, John Davis, and Phantom. Vacuum was then at 50 to 1, Fairwind at 66 to 1, Phantom at 66 to 1, and John Davis at 25—and, as Mrs. Micawber said of her husband, "I will never desert them." Three of them are now quoted under 25 to 1, and two under 10 to 1. Every "follower" can now look on at the race with very little concern as to the result. I know I shall, for I cannot lose, and they should or ought to stand in my shoes, for they had the opportunity of doing so. Good money went on Vacuum, Fairwind, and John Davis on Thursday, and again to-day (Friday), and as I said before, Phantom (who has already seen hedging at 16 to 1) will come again before the flag falls. Three of the above were heavily backed for the Cambridgeshire (John Davis not being engaged in it), before the Cesarewitch commissions were worked—to me a most hopeful sign. Of these four horses it is necessary, of course, that I should pin my colours to the mast with only one

name inscribed thereon. I am content to do so even in such a dark race as the Cesarewitch always is, because every one of the four have seen such remunerative hedging. When I first mentioned Vacuum he was at *any* price, and his stable companion, The Starter, was a great favourite at 20 to 1. As he is now first favourite I can crow before the race is over, but when it is over I feel sure my notes will be clearer and yet more shrill than they are now, for I have every confidence that in

VACUUM

we shall see the winner of the Cesarewitch of 1869.

The Middle Park Plate has as yet produced very little betting, it being uncertain whether Sunshine will start. So with Mr. Merry's filly I shall couple the Katherine Logie colt, who carries no penalty. I hear great accounts of Baron Rothschild's lot and the Bribery colt, but they are not of such a nature as would warrant my going for them. My Derby outsider alluded to last week may run, but he has been well beaten in his trial, so I will not further allude to him. I believe Nobleman to be the best Derby investment out, and if he wins the Criterion, as I expect he will a fortnight hence, he will winter a great favourite, no matter what may win the Middle Park Plate in which he is not engaged.

THE CESAREWITCH.

IT seems last week, by any *Sportsman's* journal,
Since 'mid the attributes of gentle Spring—
Small bills, great moisture, coughs, and rashes vernal,—
I cleared my decks and piped all hands to sing
Of the proceedings of a certain Colonel,
A Fan deserted, and a golden Ring,
The overture's last chords about me ling'ring,
While the *finale* calls for instant fing'ring.

For, sad to tell, the Summer light is waning
Which flooded emerald fields and golden sheaves,
And Autumn's hand with brown and red is staining
The tender hues of the fast-falling leaves;
The eager coursers in the slips are straining,
While other long-tails turn our thoughts from beeves,
And, as it seems, before we're clear of Nottingham,
The CESAREWITCH reminds us to be spotting 'em.

Well, "God be thanked!" as thundered forth the Mayor,
When waiting for poor pussy, sword in hand;
"I fear her not!" Nor shall I turn a hare
For any Russian bow-wow in the land.
Ruff though my task, the battle will be fair,
And *Wright* prevail while France and Scotland stand:
Like little plungers let us draw one breath,
Then dive among the perils of the Heath.

The breeze sweeps coldly o'er the ling'ring dew,
And stirs the pennon of each rival lance;
Device of Christian knight, the "cross" of Jew,
Our solid flag, the phantom hopes of France
All burst in bright confusion into view,
As *Cap-à-Pie* the *Tramp*-ling hosts advance,
On fire to show some *Peddie*-coat their *Prouesse*,
No matter whether Christian, Turk, or Jewess.

Now pricks the cohort gaily down the course
To prove their armour, and essay their wind,
John Davis leading the less *rusé* horse,
As if—his creditors were close behind.
A goodly train, though absent from the force,
King, *Duke*, and *Marquis*, with *The Laird* we find;
Albeit Pleasure sweetly leavens Duty,
And foremost in the rank of beasts is Beauty.

Not far behind his friend and client speeds
In blue and yellow gaberdine, the Jew,
Rehearsing all the deep, indented deeds,
Whose glories he engages to renew:
Yet will he fail, I think, whoever bleeds,
To draw much *Peddie* cash from me or you,
Who know the fav'rite mouthful of a shark is
Just sixteen ounces from a "Chreesthian carkis."

No dearer (in one sense) is Stockwell's lord,
Both frightfully expensive to their friends,
Yet primroses and *Chéries* well accord,
And something to those hues my fancy tends;
Still if her failure will increase his hoard,
Or scratching gratify his private ends,—
In such a case why Israel isn't in it;
He'd give a stone to Abraham—and skin it.

The Woodyates team is marshalled by the *Starter*,
Of whom the knowing wink their eye, and say—
"It's *Mary Ann* that Voltigeur is arter,"
Yet *Vacuum*, abhorred by Nature, may
(By simple process of Exchange or Barter),
By William's art, be best-beloved to Day;
None caring much, whate'er their sex or station,
To take a gelding at his own *Vallation*.

Swift to the post advances *Royal Head*,
A stamp of horse which ought, methinks, to stick,
Yet, if one could believe what has been said,
This curious quadruped is dead *and* quick.
The *Lady Evelyn's* daughter is well bred,
But with anonymas one can't be thick;
While *See-Saw*, loved by Brayley, is another
Who's had his ups and downs—like his poor mother.

Hark how the parchment rolls, the trumpets bray,
Cock Robins chirp, and *Nightingalls* rejoice
To celebrate betimes *Cecil*-ia's day,
With "instruments of gaming," heart, and voice!
Fairwinds and favouring gales attend his way!
For once he justified my happy choice,
And to *Plum-Pudding's* son for ever grateful,
I'd help him gladly to another plateful.

Their milk-white crests all gleaming from afar,
The well-kept hopes of France at length appear,
But *Etoile Filante's* dead, and will not "star,"
"And silent rows the songless *Gondolier*,"
Reserved, perchance, for fame in other war,
But little likely to show *Prouesse* here.
If for an alien I have any fancy,
I might admit a wish to be with *Nancy*.

And now the crowd grows denser. Bills and Bowes
Press through the throng, and throng the (Sporting) Press;
Redcaps flit here and there, the tumult grows,
The rabble mind the *Starter* less and less,
The Christian war-cry mingles with "old clo's,"
And foreign oaths, which Gideon can't suppress,
Until all blend in one continuous roar,
"McGeorge for"—but you've heard that cry before.

The lists are closed—in York and Jermyn-y,—
The Judge is seated, and the trumpets blow,
"*Faites vos devoirs, messieurs*," the heralds cry—
Equivalent, in terser tongue, to "Go";
And go they do, resolved to do or die,
To do the knowing, and to die the slow!
(Which means that only one can prove the winner;
The rest pull up when done, and go to dinner.)

Straighter than owners, faster than their sons,
The flying squadron speeds across the plain,
The leaders galloping, as yet "great guns,"
Exulting in the "thunder of their mane;"
Yet even now the crimson torrent runs,
The heath is red with many a Hebrew stain,
While France has lost her place among the nations,
And Nancy all her hope of "situations."

More fast and furious the conflict grows,
To either side the Day inclines by turns,
Provider is provided, *Toby* goes,
The mis-spent *Birthday* seeks no sweet "returns,"
The Stanton tactics fail to check its foes,
To ashes *Lopez* with *Atonement* turns.
Meantime, the vultures scan the dying cattle,
And grisly *Phantoms* hover o'er the battle.

Exhausted, faint, and bleeding from the fray,
The weaker vessels falter, swerve, and sink;
The stoutest only struggle on, and they
Are three, and reel like Gaels flushed with drink,
John Davis, *Vacuum*, and *Fairwind* stay,
The rest are going, gone, or haply shrink
From crossing swords with such illustrious foemen,—
As John, for instance, might recoil from Slowman.

Nearer and nearer sweep the glittering throng,
Louder and louder swells the answering roar;
Both John and William still are going strong,
But *Fairwind* blows as wind ne'er blew before.
Then comes a sense of steel, and cruel thong,
And Monday's settling—but I know no more,
Till *Davis*, *more suo*, has "compounded,"
And VACUUM's foes are empty and confounded.

COCK ROBIN.

ON THE RIVER.

IT did seem at one time as if there would be something this week on the River worth notice; but each match has ended in a wretched *fiasco*. A few more such performances, and sculling will take its place beside the departed glories of the P.R. It seemed strange, from the first, that Brown, the Yankee champion, should make a match with a third-rate man like Sadler, who is only good, at best, for a two-mile course, and is no use at all when fairly collared. But even Sadler, it would appear, was too good for Brown, and a boil was the only means open to avert the disgrace of a defeat. In the race between Renforth and Bright, the referee, as is the fashion with these officials in the present day, must have lost his head. On the first day the stakes should have been awarded to Bright on the foul; but at the second attempt, Renforth as clearly, was entitled to the verdict. The race has only proved what every one knew—that Renforth is the best man out at all distances; this, however, is not much satisfaction to his backers who lost their money. When a man with two lengths' start finds himself beaten, and has no other course open than to cross his opponent's bows whenever he is about to be passed, the referee has a very plain duty to perform. Like his namesake of Birmingham, John Bright does not understand sport; and if this sort of thing goes on, *le sport* over the Channel will take the lead of the genuine article as it used to exist in the British Isles. The contest between the two Universities is now, as ever, the only genuine thing upon the River.

Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes for October.

THE last number of this excellent *Magazine*, as indispensable to lovers of sport as the *Outsider's* selections, is an excellent sample. The biography and portrait, which have for their hero the Duke of Roxburghe, *facile princeps* among amateur anglers, are executed with their usual neatness and accuracy. "Amphion" contributes certain pages from the journal of his life at Doncaster, in which the events of the Great Northern gathering are reviewed in the style with which the readers of that charming writer are familiar. "Sires of the Period" is the title of an exceedingly able article on the science of breeding, in which the pretensions of the lords of the equine harem are passed in learned review by an author who signs himself "North Lincoln," but the paternity of which is probably due in another direction. "Punter's Town Steeplechases" is a bright and clever account of life at Baden; a sketch in which we recognise, we imagine, the fine Roman hand of the delineator of "Paris Life," which is as gay and amusing as ever. To conclude, "Our Van" is "packed" as usual with all the sayings and doings of sport in its widest sense, by a hand that has evidently not lost its cunning.

The brave and excellent Belgians are reported by *The Tomahawk* and *Fun* to have shouted "*Vive* les Anglais!" with great good will during the recent celebrations. Surely, this is *singular*, to say the least of it!

It is a bold thing to do to venture an inspiration on the Cambridgeshire before the Cesarewitch is decided, but for all that I cannot help giving a hint or two about it. Three horses that are not entered in the "long" race will play a prominent part in the short one, viz., Typhœus, Far-away, and Defender. Of those in the Cesarewitch I incline to the chances of Vacuum and Cherie, and in these five I believe I have included the winner. I only throw out these hints for bold speculators; timid ones had better wait until after the Cesarewitch is decided, because it is possible to "get out of the frying-pan into the fire," and it is as well to have only one iron in the fire at the same time.

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IN THE

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Auditors—T. S. Evans, Esq., Coleman-street-buildings (and one to be chosen by Shareholders).

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